

UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER X—Continued

HAD never petted nor fondled him, but now I sat upon the ground, and putting my arms round his heavy neck I stroked and coaxed him, talking in my newly acquired Martian tongue as I would have to my hand at home, as I would have talked to any other friend among the lower animals.

His response to my manifestation of affection was remarkable to a degree; he stretched his great mouth to its full width, baring the entire expanse of his upper rows of tusks and wrinkling his snout until his great eyes were almost hidden by the folds of flesh.

If you have ever seen a collie smile you may have a faint conception of Woola's facial distortion.

He threw himself upon his back and fairly wallowed at my feet; jumped up and sprang upon me, rolling me upon the ground by his great weight, then wriggling and squirming round me like a playful puppy presenting its back for the petting it craves.

I could not resist the ludicrousness of the spectacle and holding my sides I rocked back and forth in the first laughter which had passed my lips in many days.

My laughter frightened Woola. His antics ceased and he crawled pitifully toward me, poking his ugly head into my lap and then I remembered what laughter signified on Mars—torment, suffering, death.

Quieting myself, I rubbed the poor old fellow's head and back, talked to him for a few minutes, then with a wretchedly authoritative tone commanded him to follow me, and, rising, started for the hills.

There was no further question of authority between us; Woola was my devoted slave from that moment hence, and I his only and undisputed master. My walk occupied but a few minutes, and I found nothing of particular interest to reward me.

Numerous brilliantly colored and strangely formed wild flowers dotted the ravine, and from the summit of the first hill I saw still other hills stretching off toward the north, and rising, one range above another, until lost in mountains of quite respectable dimensions, though I afterward found that only a few peaks on all Mars exceed four thousand feet in height; the suggestion of magnitude was merely relative.

My morning's walk had been large with importance to me, for it had resulted in a perfect understanding with Woola, upon whom Tars Tarkas relied for my safe keeping. I now knew that while theoretically a prisoner I was virtually free, and I hastened to regain the city limits before the defection of Woola could be discovered by his erstwhile masters.

The adventure decided me never again to leave the limits of my prescribed stamping grounds until I was ready to venture forth for good and all, as it would certainly result in a curtailment of my liberties, as well as the probable death of Woola, were we to be discovered.

On regaining the plaza I had my third glimpse of the captive girl.

She was standing with her guards before the entrance to the audience chamber, and as I approached she gave me one hurried glance and turned her back full upon me.

The act was so womanly, so earthy, so manly, that though it stung my pride it also warmed my heart with a feeling of companionship. It was good to know that some one else on Mars beside myself had human instincts of a civilized order, even though the manifestation of them was so painful and mortifying.

Had a green Martian woman desired to show dislike or contempt she would, in all likelihood, have done it with a sword-thrust or a movement of her trigger

finger; but as their sentiments are mostly atrophied it would have required a serious injury to have aroused such passions in them.

Sola, let me add, was an exception. I never have seen her perform a cruel or unkind act, or fall in uniform kindness and good nature; she was, indeed, as her fellow Martians had said of her, an atavism—a dear and precious reversion to a former type of loved and loving ancestor.

Seeing that the prisoner seemed the centre of attraction I halted to witness what was taking place.

I had no long to wait, for presently Lorquas "tomel and his retinue of chiefs" approached the building and, skirting the guards to follow with the prisoner, entered the audience chamber.

Realizing that I was a somewhat favored character, and also convinced that the warriors did not know of my knowledge of their language, as I had pleaded with Sola to keep this a secret on the grounds that I did not wish to be forced to talk with the men until I had perfectly mastered the Martian tongue, I chanced an attempt to enter the audience chamber and listen to the proceedings.

The council squatted upon the steps of the rostrum, while behind them stood the prisoner and her guards. I saw that one of the women was Sarjola, and thus understood how she had been present at the trial of the preceding day, the results of which she had reported to the occupants of our dormitory last night.

Her attitude toward the captive was most harsh and brutal. When she held her she sank her rudimentary nails into the poor girl's flesh, or twisted her arm in a most painful manner. When it was necessary to move her from one spot to another she jerked her roughly, or pushed her headlong before her.

She seemed to be venting upon this poor defenseless creature all the hatred, cruelty, and spite of her 90 years, backed by unquenchable ages of fierce and brutal ancestors.

The other woman was less cruel because she was entirely indifferent; if the prisoner had been left to her alone, and fortunately she was at night, she would have received no harsh treatment, nor, by the same token, would she have received any attention at all.

As Lorquas Tomel raised his eyes to address the prisoner they fell on me and he turned to Tars Tarkas with a word and gesture of impatience. Tars Tarkas made some reply which I could not catch, but which caused Lorquas Tomel to smile; after which they paid no further attention to me.

"What is your name?" asked Lorquas Tomel, addressing the prisoner.

"Dejah Thoris, daughter of Mors Kajak of Helium."

"And the nature of your expedition?" he continued.

"It was a purely scientific research party sent out by my father's father, the jeddak of Helium, to rechart the air currents and to take atmospheric density tests," replied the fair prisoner in a low, well-modulated voice.

"We were unprepared for battle," she continued, "as we were on a peaceful mission, as our banners and the colors of our craft denoted. The work we were doing was so unimportant that we did not know for you know full well that were it not for our labors and the fruits of our scientific operations there would not be enough air or water on Mars to support a single human life."

"For ages we have maintained the supply of both at virtually the same point without an appreciable loss, and we have done this in the face of the brutal and ignorant interference of your green men."

"Why will you not learn to live in amity with your fellows? Must you ever

go on down the ages to your final extinction but little above the plane of the dumb brutes that serve you? A people without spirit, without language, without art, without homes, without love; the victims of sons of the horrible community idea.

"Owing everything in common, even to your women and children, has resulted in your owning nothing in common. You hate each other, you fight, you exploit yourselves. Come back to the ways of our common ancestors, come back to the light of kindness and fellowship."

"The way is open to you; you will find the hands of the red jeddaks have asked you. Will you come?"

Lorquas Tomel and the warriors sat looking silently and intently at the young woman for several moments after she had ceased speaking. What was passing in their minds no man may know, but that they were moved I truly believe, and if one may believe, as I do, from my own strong enough to rise above custom, that moment would have marked a new and mighty era for Mars.

I saw Tars Tarkas rise to speak, and on his face was such an expression as I had never seen upon the countenance of a green Martian warrior. It bespoke an inward and mighty battle, a struggle with heredity, with age-old custom, and as he opened his mouth to speak a look almost of benignity, momentarily, flashed upon his fierce and terrible countenance.

What words of moment were to have fallen from his lips were never spoken, as just then a young warrior, evidently angry, thrust his head and shoulders over the rostrum, and striking the frail captive a powerful blow across the face, which fell her to the floor, placed his foot upon her prostrate form, and turning toward the assembled council broke into peals of hoarse, mirthless laughter.

For an instant I thought Tars Tarkas would strike him dead, nor did the aspect of Lorquas Tomel augur any too favorably for the brute, but the mood passed, their old selves reasserted their ascendancy, and they smiled.

It was portentous, however, that they did not laugh aloud, for the brute's act constituted a side-splitting witticism according to the ethics which rule green Martian humors.

I think I must have sensed something of what was coming, for I realize now that I was crouched as for a spring, as I saw the blow aimed at her beautiful, upturned, pleading face, and ere the hand descended I was half way across the hall.

Scarcely had his hideous laugh rang out but once when I was ready to spring, and I was 12 feet in height and armed to the teeth, but I believe that I could have accounted for the whole room full in the terrible intensity of my anger.

I struck him full in the face as he turned at my warning cry, and then, as he drew his short-sword, I drew mine and sprang in upon his breast, hooking one leg over the butt of his pistol, and grasping one of his huge tusks with my left hand, I delivered blow after blow upon his enormous chest.

He could not use his short-sword to advantage because I was too close to him, nor could he draw his pistol, which he attempted to do in direct opposition to Martian custom, which demands that you may not fight a fellow warrior in private combat with any other than the weapon with which you are attacked.

In fact he could do nothing but make a wild and futile attempt to dislodge me. With all his immense bulk he was little if any stronger than I, and it was but the

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

In the bluest, most unpaid-bill times of all, fly heart with boundless hope, just chirps and sings, it's then I know good fortune's on the way. For life's so full of unexpected things.



matter of a moment or two before he sank, bleeding and lifeless, to the floor.

Dejah Thoris had raised herself upon one elbow and was watching the battle with wide, staring eyes.

When I had regained my feet I raised her in my arms, and bore her to one of the benches at the side of the room.

Again no Martian interfered with me, and carrying a piece of silk from my cape I endeavored to staunch the flow of blood from her nostrils.

I was soon successful, as her injuries amounted to little more than an ordinary nosebleed, and when she could speak she placed her hand upon my arm, and looking up into my eyes, said:

"Why did you do it? You, who refused me even friendly recognition in the first hour of my peril! And now you risk your life, and kill one of your companions for my sake. I cannot understand."

"I was not a friend, as you are you, that you cannot understand. You, though your form is that of my race, while your color is little darker than the white of my own skin, are you more than human?"

"It is a strange tale," I replied, "too long to attempt to tell you now, and one which I so much doubt the credibility of myself that I fear to hope that others will believe it. Suffice it, for the present, that I am your friend, and so far as our captors will permit, your protector and savior."

"Then you, too, are a prisoner? But why, then, those arms and the regalia of a Martian chieftain? What is your name? Where your country?"

"Yes, Dejah Thoris, I, too, am a prisoner. My name is John Carter, and I claim Virginia, one of the United States of America, Earth, as my home. But why I am permitted to wear arms I do not know, but I am aware that my regalia was that of a chieftain."

We were interrupted at this juncture by the approach of one of the warriors, bearing arms, accoutrements, and ornaments, and in a flash one of her questions was answered and a puzzle cleared up for me.

I saw that the body of my dead antagonist had been stripped, and I read in the warrior who had brought me these trophies of the kill the same demeanor as that evinced by the other who had brought me my original equipment.

The reason for the whole attitude displayed toward me was now apparent. I had won my spurs, so to speak, and in the event of a quarrel with any of the Martian dealers, and which, among other things, has caused me to call her the planet of paradoxes, I was accorded the honor due a conqueror in his own land, and the position of the man I killed.

In truth, I was a Martian chieftain, and this, I learned later, was the cause of my great freedom, and my toleration in the audience chamber.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Marion Harland's Corner

All communication addressed to Marion Harland should mention a street address, and enclosed envelope and a clipping of the article in which she is mentioned. If you are writing to her in the "Marion Harland" column, please send a photograph of those who would like to be, and, having read them, communicate direct with those parties.

Owing to illness, I have been unable to write sooner. I received a splendid sewing machine from Mrs. R. all expenses paid. I wrote to her personally. I can scarcely express my thanks to the other man for his kind offer. I enclose his note.

If we had room we would give half a column and starting headlines to your letter. We are glad to hear that you are doing well. We ever think of getting through the "Marion Harland" corner. And that you have received a "splendid" you say. The other gentlemen may be sure he deserves the title will please consider that he is thanked by you and by us.

Eggs in Brine

"Pretty good cards, painted with address sides together and sure to be welcomed by invalids and children. I belong to neither class, but have enjoyed them myself. I congratulate the Corner upon being the medium by which so many inexpensive pleasures come to the many who cannot afford to purchase amusements."

You advise wisely. Let nothing be wasted. A sewing machine is a very useful thing. I preserve eggs for winter by a brine made of one pint of lime, one of salt, brack salt if possible and one of soda. Pack small ends down, pour over the brine, and they are all right for months. They are as good as fresh eggs, except for boiling. The brine softens the shells, and they crack when boiled. Be sure to use a stone jar.

MRS. W. C. L.

Our member comes up gallantly to her part of the work of making the Corner a meeting ground for housewives far and near. What one has learned of and for herself in the line of domestic economy (using the term in the widest sense) she should feel bound by the unwritten law of our Corner to share with her fellow workers. In this intention of mercy, nothing is trival that will lessen the binding of the harness anywhere. We hope to hear from this comrade again and often.

Would Like Her Old Geography

"I would like a woman 74 years of age who would like to have a copy of the geography used when she went to school. She says it is Montell's Geography, third part. I haven't been able to furnish her with a copy. I will pay postage on the book if we can get it. She would like to have it soon."

EDNA H.

Maybe some sister septuagenary may recollect the book, and be able to re-secure it for the elderly student. I confess I haven't been able to furnish her with a copy. I will pay postage on the book if we can get it. She would like to have it soon.

Domestic Rug "Pointers"

Do not buy rugs hurriedly, and repent at leisure. Many a country rug or sea shore home has been spoiled by ill chosen rugs.

The rug is the keystone of all decorating, upon it depends the success of your color scheme—the beauty and attractiveness of your rooms.

Rugs should be selected carefully, leisurely and with due consideration, and first. They form so important a part of your life and they make a home either delightful or unbearable. Our rug department is in the possession of the most beautiful and effective results for you. You should become acquainted with this department, and its facilities, and you will find that you save time and mental fatigue, achieve the very best decorative effects and that our prices are the same as elsewhere.

Japanese Tea Rugs very artistic for either Porches or Interiors.

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There's a Plate on For You

17 Fine White Diamonds Princess Ring \$90.00

Other models in diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, etc.

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GOOD FORM

Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with first name and address, though initials ONLY will be published upon request.

Another point in good form which may be said to come under the head of conversation is that of talking always of one's own affairs.

There is one sort of person who never sees beyond his limited vision and who expects his audience of one or more to be as interested in his purely domestic and business concerns as he is himself.

This kind of person continually complains of the treatment he receives at the hands of others; how his family does not understand him, how cranky the members are, that he never meets with proper consideration at home or abroad, and so on and ad nauseam. If one suddenly stopped such a person and said, "This is against good form," he would be undoubtedly surprised. He always dresses in the very last word of fashion; he is manicured and massaged and immaculate as to linen; he works never cut his nails with a knife nor till his plate in eating soup, no, indeed, and yet, with all this polish, the milk of human kindness is not in his heart and he is considered not only a bore, but ill bred.

What is a Cotillon?

Dear Deborah Rush—Kindly explain to me what a cotillon is. I received an invitation for a dance and in the corner form you wrote the word "cotillon." How should I dress for a cotillon? J. M. B.

A cotillon or German, as it is sometimes called, is a dance at which favors are given. A man asks a girl to be his partner for this dance and they take seats together at the side of the room, designated by the leader of the cotillon.

Dinner Formalities

Dear Deborah Rush—Will you tell me which arm a man should offer a lady when taking her in to dinner? Is this custom still adhered to? JOE

The right arm is the one to offer. This custom is not strictly adhered to, as it is considered very formal. Watch your host and if he offers his arm to a lady, do likewise.

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Aren't they? Isn't your figure exactly like every other woman's figure? No? Then why do you put yourself into a corset that is precisely like a million other corsets of that size?

It must be either because you don't realize that your figure needs a certain individual support and help; or because you don't know about Nemo Self-Help Wonderlift Corsets. Wonderlift Corsets are the only corsets in all the world that can instantly individualize your figure. When you adjust the semi-elastic bandlet, you have made your figure normal; your abdomen and internal organs are being lifted up and supported exactly as Nature intended.

That Wonderlift Corsets are also beautiful and graceful in every line, and that they epitomize latest style, is another remarkable fact.

The big thing, though, is that the six Wonderlift models (for every type of thin, slender, medium, stout and super-stout woman) give an individualized support which itself produces perfect fashion-lines.

When adjusted—and because of the adjustment—hardly two Wonderlift Corsets are exactly alike.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE RAINBOW DIARY

Dear Children—I have been reading lately about Benjamin Franklin, who did more to promote thrift in this country than any other man. Ever since the first days of our club we have talked of industry. Let us, as members of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club, start an era of thrift and prosperity. One great thing which Benjamin Franklin did was to have a system with which to check up himself each day and it seems to me that it would be a good plan for our members to get up a system which we can all use. I suggest the following:

Table with 7 columns: Sun, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat. Rows include Kindness, Mistakes, Money received, Money spent wisely, Money spent foolishly.

You will notice from this that you can keep track of each day and of what kindnesses you have done, and also your mistakes. If you can suggest a better word than MISTAKE, let me know. Please try to see that the number of your kindnesses gets greater, your mistakes smaller; the amount of money you receive should always grow larger and your good judgment should stand guard over what you spend, while the amount you waste, I hope, will constantly shrink.

Before we finally agree upon this idea, I hope you will write and tell me what you think of it; and if there are any suggestions, send them in, so that we may have this standard approved by all of our members.

Yours with love and kindness, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box Jesse Alexander, a sturdy citizen of Clayton, N. J., is peering out of the postoffice window this morning. We hope he is seeing thousands and thousands of fellow members and that means that we hope just that many Rainbows are reading the club news this very minute. Do Clayton boys know how to write a business letter? If so, we expect good news in way of a Rainbow team.

Ann Adams, Alfred George and Eva Savetnick are new members of the Drawing Class. So are Bert Smith, Wayne Benson, both of Germantown. Distance is a small matter when one is an ambitious artist! Your editor is sorry that Robert Lewis lives in Wilmington and cannot attend the Art Class. Never mind.

On the Alert By WILLIAM SHUTTLEWORTH. Watch the trolley, watch the subway, Watch the Ledger for the "Rainbow Club-way!"

About Cameras Did you ever take pictures? Your editor thinks it the most wonderful thing in the world to be able to take a pretty piece of the world, snap it in a small black box and have it turn into a picture that will be yours to look at when you are a thousand miles away from that particular "pretty piece of the world." A camera is to be devoted to the publication of interesting snapshots taken by Rainbows. Your editor is anxious to see the things you like to save forever with your little camera box. Send all snapshots to Farmer Smith, Department C.

BOYS AND GIRLS. If you want to earn money after school and on Saturdays write to Farmer Smith.

FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

Billy Bumpus and the Gnome Billy Bumpus returned home one afternoon about sunset. It was the day he had seen the Gnome and he wanted to tell Mrs. Goat about the funny fellow down in the ground.

"Mother," began Billy, as he tripped over the dining room carpet and almost spilled the lamp off the table, "Mother, I saw a very wonderful thing today. It was a Gnome."

"Did you eat him, her or it?" asked his good wife.

"No," said her husband, as he seated himself by the fireside and began to sniff. "What are you going to have for supper? I think I smell tin can soup."

"Never mind about supper. You get angry when I accuse you of being a pig, and yet you are always talking about eating," said Billy's wife. "Go on and tell me about this Gnome."

"I don't know what a Gnome is," answered Billy.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Goat. "There is ONE thing a Billy Goat does not know. You claim to know everything, to see everything and eat everything. You are awfully smart."

"Remember I am your husband and don't you speak disrespectfully of ME!" "Well, smartly, my dear, sweet smartly husband, darling—what is a Gnome? I will tell you."

"Gnomes live in the earth while fairies live in the air and mermaids in the sea. When any one has been very, very bad, a Gnome comes out of the earth and speaks to them."

"What?" exclaimed Billy, jumping out of his chair. "I haven't been very, very bad. What have I done?"

"It may have been the Gnome spoke to you because you ate Mrs. Thingamagoodie's clothe-line, or because you ate the tongue of little Willie Thingamagoodie's wagon. You have been very talkative lately, from eating the tongue, I guess and."

"Who told you all that about Gnomes? Has one ever spoken to you?" asked Billy, quickly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Goat, without hesitation. "Ha! ha! He! he! That's a good one! Gnomes—oh, me! Gnomes only speak to very bad people. You said so yourself!"

"With that Billy went and danced around with a chair until a voice said from upstairs: "Don't make so much noise, Daddy. I need my sleep." It was Nanny Goat speaking.

Billy stopped and sniffed the air. "I smell that tin can soup burning." "Let it burn," exclaimed Mrs. Goat. Billy went into the parlor singing: "There was a little Gnome, Who had a little home, Right in the middle of the forest!"

Things to Know and Do 1. Why have flies fine hairs growing at the extremity of their legs? 2. Why are cloudy days colder than sunny days? 3. When is your window sick? (For little people.)

FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

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Stamps for Rainbow Collectors 1000 mixed for 30 cts.; 1000 all different for \$4.50. Price list of 500 different items sent.

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Hello, Boys! It Costs Nothing to Enter Hartmann's Big Erector Contest

Get busy immediately. Contest closes June 1st. Build your best ERECTOR model. Prize list with your name and address, and bring it to Hartmann's. Here it is! Crude justice which always marks Martian dealings, and which, among other things, has caused me to call her the planet of paradoxes, I was accorded the honor due a conqueror in his own land, and the position of the man I killed.

In truth, I was a Martian chieftain, and this, I learned later, was the cause of my great freedom, and my toleration in the audience chamber.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

10 BIG \$60 PRIZES

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CANDY

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Candy for Grown-Ups

Hand-Painted Gift Box filled with Bonbons, \$1.00. Chocolate Dates stuffed with Marshmallows, 40¢. Chocolate Dates stuffed with Fruit and Nuts, 40¢.